

A settled gloom comes o'er my heart
Which will not with the day depart
It is an uninvited guest
And yet it robs me of my rest.
Oh! do not chide me, that my grief
In festive scenes finds no relief
My life is cheerless, drear and sad
I could not if I would, be glad.
The happy days forever past
So blissful that they could not last.
Remembrance brings the blithesome ^{train}
Of Hope and Joy and Love again
And then it brings in sharp relief
The bitter unavailing grief,
The burden others can not share
It is my lot in life to bear.

Life's pathway I must tread alone
God has seen fit to take the one
Whom was to cheer my future life
And call me by the name of wife.
Yet I deserved the chastening rod
For loving man more than my God.

Then do not ask why I am sad
Or old beyond my years.
God only knows the agony
That brings this flood of tears.

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Sylvias grief at
Death of Charly West
her betrothed

